

HE COMES UP SMILING

By
Charles
Sherman

Illustrated by
Ray Winters

SYNOPSIS.

The Watermelon and James, two tramps, entering each other's rooming house, decide to clean up, acquire new clothes and let their companion, Mike, be the judge as to which is the better looking. Watermelon goes to a barber shop.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Three, sixty," announced Harry in home trepidation, lest he be flayed and promptly corrected.

The barber reached for the slip and added it on his own account. "Three, sixty," he agreed, and sighed.

"Count the cash," ordered the Watermelon, and Harry counted, slowly, carefully, laboriously, and the rest counted with him, more or less audibly.

When the last coin had been counted, there was a moment of puzzled silence. The Watermelon broke it.

"Three, thirty-five," said he. "What did I tell you?"

"Here," snapped the barber, "let me count it."

He pushed Harry aside and again all counted as the barber passed the coins. Quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, the last one was lingeringly laid on the pile and the sum was lacking a quarter to make it complete according to the registered slip.

"Three dollars and thirty-five cents," said the Watermelon again, like the voice of doom.

"Well, I warn!" exclaimed Harry.

"How'd he do it?" asked the grocer's son, with an eye out for possibly similar emergencies nearer home.

The Watermelon shrugged. "I don't know," said he. "Can't do it myself, but the fellows in the cities have gotten so they can open 'em the minute the clerk turns his back. They can do it without any noise, too, and so quick you can't catch 'em. I'll be hanged if I know how they do it."

Again the barber counted the change, again he totaled the numbers on the registered slip. They would not agree. That painful lack of a quarter could not be bridged.

"He said it was automatic book-keeping," moaned the barber, glaring at the slip that would register nothing less than three dollars and sixty cents.

"The bookkeeping's all right," said the Watermelon, "it's the money that ain't."

He gathered up the coins, slowly, lovingly, and the barber turned away from the painful sight.

"Do you want a shave?" he asked crossly.

The Watermelon sank gracefully into the chair. "It's hard luck," said he sympathetically, "but you oughtn't to be so easy. Get wise, get wise."

CHAPTER III.

Enter Mr. Batchelor.

With hair nicely cut, face once more as smooth as baby's, and three dollars and ten cents in his pocket, the Watermelon gazed fondly at himself in the glass and felt sorry for James. He gently patted his hair, wet, shiny and smelling of bay rum, arranged his hat with great nicety at just the graceful angle he preferred as doing the most justice to his charms, and sallied forth to look for a suit of clothes. He had scanned critically those he had encountered in the barber shop with an eye to future possession, but none of them, at least what he had been able to see of them, the coat having generally been conspicuous by its absence, had pleased him. They had the uncompromising cut of the country and the Watermelon felt that the attractions that gazed back at him from the mirror were worthy of something better. He had a vague fancy for light gray with pearl-colored waistcoat and purple socks—a suit possessing the gentle folds and undulations of the city, not the scant, though sturdy, outlines of the country. The hotel seemed the best place to look for what he wanted, so he turned in that direction.

The hotel was several miles from the village. Its gables and chimneys could be seen rising in majestic aloofness from the woods on a distant hillside. The Watermelon paused where the road dipped down again into the valley and ran his eye over the intervening landscape. By the road, it would be at least five miles; through the woods, the distance dwindled to about three. The Watermelon took to the woods. A brook laughed between its mossy banks, tumbling into foamy little waterfalls over every boulder that got in its path. The Watermelon determined to follow the brook, sure that in the end it would lead him to the hotel. City people had a failing for brooks and no hotel management would miss the chance of having one gurgling by, close at hand. The brook grew wider and wider, and through a break in the trees the Watermelon saw a lake, disappearing in the leafy distance. He heard a splash and saw the shiny white body of a man rise for one joyful moment from the green depths

ahead and then dive from sight with another cool splash.

The Watermelon decided from habit to get a better view of the lonely swimmer before he let his own presence become known. He slipped into the bushes and slowly wriggled his way to the little glade. The lake was bigger than at first appeared. It turned and twisted through the woods and was finally lost from view around a small promontory. The trees grew nearly to the water's edge, a dense protecting wall to one who wished to sport in nature's solitude, garbed in nature's simple clothing. The lake was too far from the hotel to have been annexed as one of the attractions of that hostelry. All this the Watermelon noticed at a glance. He also noticed that the man swimming in the cool, brown depths, with long, easy strokes, was alone and a stranger. The Watermelon looked for the clothes and found them on a log, practically at his feet.

In everything but color they fulfilled his dream of what raiment should be like. Instead of the pale gray he rather favored, the suit was brown, a light brown, with a tiny green stripe, barely visible, intertwined with a faint suggestion of red, forming a harmonious whole that was vastly pleasing to the Watermelon's aesthetic sense. In the matter of socks, he realized that the stranger had not taken the best advantage of his opportunity. Instead of being red or green to lend character to the delicate suggestion of those colors found in the suit, they were a soft dun brown. There was a tie of the same shade and a silk negligee shirt of white with pale green stripes. The owner was clearly a young man of rare taste, unhampered by a vexatious limitation of his pocketbook.

He could be seen swimming slowly and luxuriously in the little lake, perfectly contented, unconscious that some one besides the woodpeckers and the squirrels were watching him. When he disappeared, the Watermelon quickly, carefully gathered up the clothes and likewise disappeared.

The swimmer was a big man and the clothes as good a fit as one could look for under the circumstances. They set off the Watermelon's long, lean figure to perfection, and the hat, a soft and expensive panama, lent added distinction. The Watermelon removed the three dollars and ten cents and the keys from his own pockets, and making a bundle of his cast-off clothes, stuffed them out of sight in a hollow log, where later he could return and find them. It was just as well to leave the stranger a practical captive in nature's depths until the beauty show was pulled off. After that event, he would return, and if the stranger was amenable to reason, he could have his good clothes back, but if he acted put out at all, for punishment he would have to accept the Watermelon's glorious attire.

Clean-shaven, well-clothed, there was no longer any need for him to go to the hotel, unless he wished to dine there. If the devotee of nature, back in the swimming pool, was a stranger in these parts and not a guest at the hotel, the Watermelon felt that he could do this with pleasure and safety. It was after twelve, and his ever-present desire to eat was becoming too pronounced to be comfortable. It would be a fitting climax to a highly delightful morning to have dinner, surrounded by gentle folk again, for the Watermelon came of a gentle family. He had no fear, for some time at least, of the owner of the borrowed clothes making himself unnecessarily conspicuous. But, on the other hand, if he were a guest at the hotel, the clothes would probably be recognized and murder be the simplest solution of their change of owners. Still, reasoned the Watermelon, with a shrewd guess at the truth, if he were a guest, it was hardly likely that he would be swimming alone in the isolated pond, in the bathing suit designed by nature.

The wood ended abruptly at a stone wall. There was a road beyond the wall, and beyond the road, another stone wall and more woods. It was a narrow woodland road, a short cut to the hotel. It wound its way out of sight, up a hill, through the pines. It was grass-grown and shady and the trees met overhead. Sweetbrier and wild roses grew along the stone walls, while gay little flowers and daisies, ferns ventured out into the road itself, and with every passing breeze nodded merrily from the rusts of last winter's wood hauling. By the side of the road, like a glaring anachronism, a variety theater in Paradise, a vacuum cleaner among the ferns and daisies, stood a huge red touring car with shining brass work and raised top. No one was anywhere in sight and the Watermelon climbed into the tonneau and leaned comfortably back in the roiny depths.

"Home, Henry," said he languidly to an imaginary chauffeur.

A bonk, bonk behind him answered. He leaned from the car and saw another turn into the road and came

toward him. It was a touring car, big and blue. An elderly gentleman, fat, serious, important, was at the wheel. Beside him sat a lady, and a chauffeur languished in the tonneau.

"Hello, Thomas," called the old gentleman with the affability of a performing elephant, addressing the Watermelon by the name of his car, as is the custom of the road.

"Hello, William," answered the Watermelon, wondering why they called him Thomas.

The old gentleman flushed angrily and the lady laughed, a delightful laugh of girlish amusement. The Watermelon smiled.

"We are a Packard," explained the old gentleman stiffly.

"Are you?" said the Watermelon, wholly unimpressed by the information. "Well, I ain't Thomas."

"I called you by the name of your car," said the old gentleman. "I surmise that you have not had one long."

"I don't feel as if I owned it now," the Watermelon admitted.

The old gentleman smiled genially. Anything was pardonable but flippancy in response to his own utterances, none of which was ever lacking in weight or importance. The young man, it seemed, was only ignorant.

"Are you in trouble?" he asked with a gleam of anticipated pleasure in his eyes. To tinker with a machine and accomplish nothing but a crying need for an immediate bath was his dearest recreation.

"No," said the Watermelon, thinking of the three, ten, in the pocket of the new clothes and of the lonely swimmer. "I ain't—yet."

The old gentleman was vaguely disappointed. "Can you run your machine?" he asked, hopeful of a reply in the negative.

"No," said the Watermelon.

"Won't go, eh?" The old gentleman turned off the power in his car and stepped forth, agilely, joyfully, prepared to do irreparable damage to the stranger's car. He drew off his gloves and slipped them into his pocket, then for a moment he hesitated.

"Where is your chauffeur?"

"I haven't one," said the Watermelon.

The old gentleman disapproved. "Until you know more about your machine, you should have one," said he oratorically. "I am practically an expert, and yet I always take mine with me."

He waved aside any comment on his own meritorious conduct and forestalled and turned to the machine.

"Father," suggested the lady gently, "maybe you had better let Alphonse—"

Alphonse, sure of the reply, made no move to alight and assist.

The old gentleman, with head nearly out of sight, peering here and there, tapping this and sounding that, replied with evident annoyance. "Certainly not, Henrietta. I am perfectly capable—"

His words trailed off into vague mutterings.

The Watermelon glanced at the lady, girl or woman, he was not sure which. Between thirty and thirty-five, the unconquerable youth of the modern age radiated from every fold of her dainty frock, from the big hat and graceful veil. Her hair was soft and brown and thick, her mouth was rather large, thin-lipped and humorous, and yet pathetic, the mouth of one who laughs through tears, seeing the piteous, so closely intermingled with the amusing. Her eyes were brown, clever, with delicate brows and a high, smooth forehead. The Watermelon decided that she was not pretty, but distinctly classy.

He smiled at the friendliness he saw in the eyes and turned to the old gentleman, who was now thoroughly absorbed.

"I need a monkey-wrench," said he. "I thought at first that there was something the matter with the carburetor, but think now that it must be in the crank shaft assembly."

"Oh, yes," agreed the Watermelon vaguely, and got the wrench from the tool-box as directed.

"I—I think that maybe you had bet-



He Slipped into the Bushes.

let us tow you to some garage," said the lady mockingly, her voice barely audible above the old gentleman's noisy administrations.

"Search me," returned the Watermelon, standing by to lend assistance with every tool from the box in his arms or near by where he could reach it instantly at an imperious command.

"Automobiles," said the lady, "are like the modern schoolmarm, always breaking down."

"Like hoboes," suggested the Watermelon, "always broke."

The old gentleman straightened up,

"There is something the matter with the gasoline inlet valve," he announced firmly.

"The whole car must be rotten," surmised the Watermelon, catching the oil-can as it was about to slip from his already overburdened hands.

"No, no," returned the old gentleman reassuringly, as he buttoned his long linen ulster securely. "The crank shaft seems to be all right, but the—"

He knelt down, still talking, and the Watermelon had a horrible fear for a moment that his would-be benefactor was about to offer up prayers for the safety of the car. He reached out his hand to stay proceedings, when the old gentleman spoke:

"I must get under the car."

"Maybe it's all right," suggested the Watermelon, who did not like the idea of being forced to go after him with the tools.

"Father," the lady's voice was gentle, but firm, and the old gentleman paused. "Let Alphonse go. You know we are to dine with the Bartlett. Alphonse, please find out what the trouble is."

Alphonse alighted promptly. He was a thin, dapper little man, with a blase superiority that was impressive as betokening a professional knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of motor-cars. He approached the car and announced the trouble practically at once.

"There is no gasoline."

The old gentleman was not in the least perturbed over his own slight error in judgment. "A frequent, very frequent oversight," said he, rising. "We will tow you to the hotel, my dear sir. You can get the gasoline there."

"Never mind," said the Watermelon. "I can hoof it."

"Hoof it!" The old gentleman was pained and hurt. "Hoof it, when I have my car right here! No, indeed, Alphonse, get the rope."

The Watermelon protested. "Aw, really, you know—"

"Weren't you going to the hotel?"

"I was thinking some of it. But the car—"

"Alphonse, get the rope. It will be a pleasure. We have always got to lend assistance to a broken car. We may be in the same fix ourselves some day."

Alphonse brought the rope and the Watermelon watched them adjust it. When the last knot was tied to the old gentleman's liking, he turned to the Watermelon and presented him with his card. The Watermelon took it and read the name, "Brig. Gen. Charles Montrose Crossman, U. S. A. Retired." Then, not to be outdone, he reached in the still unexplored pockets of his new clothes with confident ease, and finding a pocketbook drew it forth, opened it on the mere chance that there would be a card within, found one and presented it to the general with lofty unconcern, trusting that the general and the owner of the clothes were not acquainted.

"William Hargrave Batchelor," read the general aloud, while his round, fat face beamed with pleasure. "I have heard about you, sir, and am glad to make your acquaintance."

The Watermelon grasped the extended hand and wrung it with fervor. "The pleasure is all mine," said he with airy grace and sublime self-assurance.

"Let me present you to my daughter, Henrietta, this is young Mr. Batchelor of New York. You have read about him, my dear, in the papers. He broke the cotton ring on Wall Street last week. You may remember Miss Crossman, Mr. Batchelor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Compliments With a Sting.

Achille Duchene, the French architect, who has come to America to build a palace on the 10,000-acre California estate of Mrs. Frank Carolan, the Pullman heiress, praised in Chicago the American skyscraper.

"Your skyscrapers no longer look like cardboard," he said. "The Metropolitan Tower and the Woolworth building in New York are beautiful examples of architecture and you have other skyscraper buildings of equal loveliness and grandeur."

"I can praise the American skyscraper unreservedly without any of that stinging in the tail of my praise which is common in foreign discussion of America art, and which reminds me of the two ladies at tea."

"Two ladies met at the Ritz."

"Why, my dear," said the first lady, "how nice your fox fur looks. One would almost think they were new."

"The other lady smiled and answered:

"Oh, thank you! And your Persian lamb stole, too, looks just as good as it did years and years ago."

Shows Direction of Sound.

A machine has been recently granted a patent by the United States patent office covering a method of determining the direction of a sound wave or of locating a source of sound, and in doing this the waves emanating from such source are divided and the divided parts are compared by bringing first one part and then another through a common conductor. He employs an apparatus including two diametrically opposite receivers, the direction of the source of the sound waves being determined by stopping one of the said receivers, thus indicating into which of the receivers the particular sound wave was received.

Were Substantial Men.

A curious old document dated at West Point, August 19, 1783, gives the weight of several distinguished officers at the end of the Revolution, as follows: General Washington, 209 pounds; General Lincoln, 224 pounds; General Knox, 180; Colonel Henry Jackson, 238; Colonel Swift, 219, and Colonel Michael Jackson, 252 pounds.

Notes of Sportdom

BASEBALL

Ray Collins, Red Sox star southpaw twirler, denies that he has jumped to the Federals.

Connie Mack, an Irishman, is in Dutch with the Quakers because he bounced an Indian.

Leslie Mann, the star outfielder of the Braves, has refused to communicate with the Feds.

Home-Run Baker averaged .318 with the stick in seven years; also .378 in the four world's series of the Athletics.

The minor leagues plan to use only one umpire next year, instead of the double system. It means a big saving in expense.

Arthur Irving, scout for the New York Yankees, is trying to purchase the Newark franchise in the International league.

The Boston National league club abandoned its efforts to win back Pitcher Quinn of the Baltimore Feds when their \$25,000 suit against him was dismissed.

Federal league officials deny that they have signed up Hans Lobert, the Phillies' third baseman. It was reported that he was anxious to follow Knabe and Doolan.

Tommy Leach seems picked as the victim of Dame Fate for sure. After mentioning him as a probable leader of the Yanks they are now trying to trade him to the Reds.

FOOTBALL

Yale News makes an appeal for cleaner football. What Yale wants is winning football.

Edward W. Brawley of Medford has been elected captain of Holy Cross college football team.

Twenty Badgers have been granted their "Wa." Manager Middleton of the football squad was included in the honor.

Whelan, lamenting the passing of the great quarter, cites Logan of Harvard as probably the best field general of the year. Pritchard of the Army is also mentioned.

Carlisle will probably have a real graduate coach to succeed Glenn Warner. Albert Extending, who was in charge of Georgetown this season, is said to be due for the head coach job with the Indians.

PUGILISM

Jeas Willard's career shows he has 18 knockouts to his credit and has lost one match.

An effort is being made in Milwaukee to do away with the no-decision battles and reinstate the referee's decision contests, according to reports.

New York promoters think that a Willard-Levinsky bout would be an attractive one. Yes, but not for the title contender. Levinsky might win.

HORSE RACING

Elawab, the great four-year-old which has a mark of 2:03 1/4, is said to have recovered his sight.

General Sherwood and W. C. Mooney, members of congress from Ohio, are both turfmen of prominence.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hockey is booming in the great Northwest.

University of Minnesota students have taken up swimming.

University of Michigan athletes have agreed to discourage profanity on the field, betting on contests, drinking and the use of tobacco. Track team men already have signed the agreement.

Paul Dea Jarden, star Maroon athlete, probably will get in some of the important basketball games this winter to win his eleventh "C." He will get his twelfth—all the law allows—when baseball opens up.

A Harvard victory that failed to creep into headlines was that of the marksmen at New Haven. Harvard won the intercollegiate shooting match, her gunners beating those of Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, get this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

NEW IN NATURAL HISTORY

Donald's Sharp Eyes Had Noticed Animal That None of the Class Recognized.

The class of little people were telling stories in geography recitation. Each one was allowed to describe an animal and the others were to guess the name. Donald anxiously awaited his turn. When it came he began with enthusiasm: "Why, it's a great, big, clumsy animal with a thick hide and a tall like a rope. It has little eyes close together, big, floppy ears, a long trunk—"

Here he was interrupted by many eager to guess.

"An elephant," shouted the first boy permitted to speak.

"No," said Donald, stolidly.

The class searched their brains for other guesses and even the teacher was puzzled. Finally all "gave up," and Donald was asked the name.

"Why, I see pictures of it every day in the paper and so do you. It's a Gop."

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

Ammunition Used in War.

How much ammunition does a modern army use? We shall not know until after the war what the German and the allied forces have been expending; but we know what the Germans used in 1870-71. The total for rifles was 30,000,000 cartridges, for field artillery 362,000 rounds. It is worth noting that battles are much less costly in ammunition than sieges. The siege of Strasburg alone cost, weight for weight, three times the amount of ammunition used in all the decisive battles and actions throughout the whole war. Of course these figures are a mere bagatelle compared with those of the present struggle, with its millions of soldiers and its quick-firing guns and its week-long battles.—Manchester Guardian.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

His Own Fault.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—Houston Post.

Substitution.

Deacon Jones—Do you keep the Sabbath, sir?

Druggist Blanks—No, no, sir, but I have something just as good.

Red Cross Bag Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

Probably the most convenient thing about a woman's figure is her ability to shift her waist line anywhere between her knees and shoulders.